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## THE DAIRYMAN'S BILL.

To say that debt ought to be paid, would be to speak the veriest truism. It may not, however, be so generally recognised, that there is a virtue in the prompt payment of debt. All intend and wish to pay their debts; but there are great varieties among mankind in the sense of the obligation under which they lie to pay their debts soon. Indeed, it is here alone that any virtue can be shown; for to intend to pay some time or other, is the general case, and has accordingly no claim to be esteemed a virtue. Yet some people, we do not doubt, consider themselves marvellously honest in merely entertaining a vague wish to discharge their obligations. Upon the strength of the most distant hope of being some day in funds, they will incur large debts, not only in the way of mercantile adventure, but for domestic enjoyment; and when it is found that they cannot solve these engagements, they will think it quite enough if they can say to themselves, "I wished to pay." It is not generally perceived that honesty, in such a case, must be in the ratio of the reasonable prospect of an ability to pay. It is not altogether a matter of sentiment: it is very much a matter of fact. The question is not so much "what is the degree of my anxiety to pay?" as "what is the degree of likelihood, from existing and proximate circumstances, that, at the proper time, I shall possess the requisite finances?" A great number of very honest people live very well and very long upon a mere disposition to pay if they could. In the prospect of their affairs, pay-day is always beyond what artists call the vanishing point. Their morality is of a very comfortable kind, but for themselves only. Such vague intentions go but little way to appease creditors, or to fulfil the sacred behests of justice.

And wherefore is prompt paying a virtue? For many reasons. In the first place, prompt payment is generally expected, and even bargained for, and therefore it is the fulfilment of a contract. In the second place, it is a real benefaction or good deed towards our fellow-creatures, seeing that it tends to facilitate their operations, to relieve their necessities, and to promote their prosperity. What we owe, is an aggression upon the capital or property of our fellow-creatures: prompt self-emancipation from debt is therefore favourable to our sense of independence—a feeling in its turn most favourable to virtue. There is something in the very nature of debt which proclaims the propriety of its payment being prompt. Credit is only designed to be a temporary accommodation—an arrangement for mutual convenience. The benefit of it is only felt when the recollection of it is fresh, and when the blessings it has given us are in the course of being enjoyed. When payment is long postponed, the fundamental design of credit is violated. Advantage has been taken of what was only designed as a convenience, to make out something like a depredation. So much is this the case, that debt, when old, ceases almost to be considered as debt. The debtor loses recollection of the benefit he derived from the accommodation; the creditor himself begins to look upon what he gave as something lost—something of which he has been robbed. Debt, in short, only is debt, when new; and accordingly we cannot have the merit of paying debt, as debt, unless it be promptly paid. If we pay quickly, we really pay our debt; if we pay late, we are not paying debt; we are only making a tardy and inefficient reparation for a criminal delay.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the virtue of prompt paying can only be exemplified by those who incur no obligations without a careful reference to the state of their fortune. Yet something besides ability is required—there must be will. Some per-

sons, possessing ample means of satisfying obligations, either from an avaricious disinclination to part with money on any terms, or from an indifference to the impulses of both kindness and justice, put off the day of payment in every case as long as possible. A wealthy, and in many respects estimable man, who died in Edinburgh a few years ago, was accustomed to allow legal expenses to be added to every debt he owed, before settling it. A still more wealthy citizen, who died more recently—one who, at his death, left nearly a million to a collateral relation—was known to allow executions to take place in his house, before he would pay a trifling debt. When we reflect on the different circumstances of the parties—on the affluence of the debtor, and the probable necessities of the poor claimant—such conduct must appear to us as not more absurd than it is cruel and base, if, indeed, it be not held in some degree excused, as the result of a kind of madness. It must be impossible, we should think, for a man at once humane, just, and sane, unnecessarily to lose a moment in paying a debt, the amount of which is within his existing means.

The most interesting light in which prompt payment of debt can be regarded, is as a means of doing good and producing happiness. Limiting our views to the transactions which take place between persons in respectable circumstances and the tradesmen who supply them with domestic necessities, we would say, that, if the former class of individuals could form an adequate notion of the blessing which prompt payment confers upon many of their humble creditors, they would scarcely know any means by which they could do so much good, as by a ready discharge of this inferior class of debts. If they knew the distresses occasioned to traders of small capital by postponed obligations; if they could penetrate to their back-rooms, and witness the fears and anxieties which agitate the bosoms of these industrious individuals, not only in their hours of business, but in those of their humble privacy, in reference to the debtor and creditor columns of their ledgers; if they could accompany the disappointed dun to his home, and behold the misery which his tale in many cases produces in hearts which had hoped almost against despair; they would be apt to think the duty of effacing these trifling claims one of the most important that falls to their lot, and desire no greater joy than that of performing it. This brings us to the tale referred to in the title of our paper.

A dark and stormy evening in February is not a time when any one, who has the freedom of choice, will leave a warm fireside for a walk in the shelterless streets. But with the worthy man whom we are about to introduce to our readers, there was no alternative. Sandy Paterson was a dairyman in the suburbs of Edinburgh, who maintained his little family by the sale of the produce of two cows. His wife, and their only child, a comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household; and every member of it took a share of the labours which supplied their few and humble wants. Their small cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates themselves, though their countenances, on the rainy February night in question, betokened depressed and sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed ye, gudeman!" said the wife, as Sandy Paterson threw his plaid about his shoulders, and prepared to encounter the blast without; "heaven speed ye! or else we'll be harried and ruined creatures the morn. What a night, too, to gang out o' doors in! Hap yoursel up, Sandy, and pu' the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough to tear the coat aff your back. But the trial moun be made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his grey and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and,

after speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse and daughter alone in their lowly tenement.

The dairyman was too much inured to exposure at all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleety rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he proceeded along the Causewayside, towards the centre of the city. Few passengers were on the streets that night; the many closed shutters showed that all who could remain within doors were enjoying themselves in their parlours. Poor Sandy Paterson walked on, scarcely conscious of the storm, having that on his mind which rendered him heedless of any personal inconvenience. He reached at last one of the most fashionable streets in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of those around it, was not closed and shuttered up. On the contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the windows, and the sounds of music and mirth were audible even on the street. Sandy Paterson was the least envious of mortals; still he could not forbear sighing as he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be, and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer followed his gentle pull; the sound was perhaps drowned in the revelry within. Sandy pulled again, and with a very little additional energy. A man-servant, in plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question, "what do you want?" Paterson replied, "I am sorry to gie you trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have been here once or twice of late about the bit account for the milk that the family has gotten; and though it's an untimely hour, I would be greatly obliged if it could be settled the night. I wad hae been laith to trouble ye, but I am in sair want o't." The servant, who had been listening to this speech, with the door open to the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the lobby, while he should mention the matter to his master. Sandy, with many scrubbings of his feet, did as he was required, and took a chair pointed out to him. Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was not long tried. The man, having gone up stairs, returned in a minute or two with the answer—"It was not convenient to settle the account at present; this was an extraordinary time to come in quest of money; he must call again in a day or two—on Saturday, perhaps, or Monday."

This answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dun. The sum which was owing by this family to him amounted to no more than between four and five pounds; but that sum was of the greatest consequence to him. He had already called for payment pretty nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly mentioned only "once or twice," and sad necessity alone had pressed him to renew his claim on the present occasion. Unless he procured the sum he was in quest of, his cattle and his furniture—his all, in short—would be seized on the morrow by legal execution, and brought to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted, in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to make the footman aware of the state of matters; but seeing that his words made not the slightest impression, he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Paterson well nigh gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his look the frustration of their hopes. "So they hae just served you as usual, Sandy," said the wife at last. "Just the auld story—call again—not convenient," was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be done now, Nanny," continued the poor man,

rising and striding in agitation up and down the floor; "what is to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. No even the means left to us o' winning our morsel o' meat. And you too, Peggy, puir thing," stopping and laying his hand on his daughter's head; "this disgrace may gar some folks lightly you, and that wad be sair, sair, my bairn, for you to bide." "Nae fears o' that, father," said the daughter; "if William—if any body," continued she, correcting herself, "were to slight us for misfortunes that we couldna help, their scorn wadna vex me sair. Who can blame you for hauding out a helping hand to your ain brother? He's maybe no to blame either, puir man; but if a fault can be laid to ony body's door, it's to his, and no to yours, father; and the creditors that may tak a' you have the morn, are his, and no yours." "Troth, and that's true, Peggy," said Sandy, sitting down with something like composure; "there's nae disgrace in't at least, and that's ae great consolation." The poor family, though divested of all hope of acquiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs. Twenty pounds was the sum for which their stock was to be seized. Of this they had mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the account which had been sought that night, arose from a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings, and allow more time, if fifteen pounds were paid. In this their hopes had been disappointed, as we have seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them, it is to be feared, enjoyed that night, Sandy Paterson and his family knelt down, as usual, and thanked their Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time strength to bear up under the affliction with which it appeared to be His will to visit them. The performance of this act of devotion was not without its effect in composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that whatever might happen to them on earth, there was One whose protection man could not deprive them of.

We now ask the reader's company, while we return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the door of which Sandy Paterson had turned away in sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his visit, the doors of that house once more were opened, not to admit duns, but to permit the gay and fashionable to pass out, after their entertainment was over. It is not with them we have to do, however; therefore let us walk up stairs, and enter the room, now emptied of its visitors, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants of the mansion, Mr Davidson—for such was the name of the host—then remained alone in the drawing-room, with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be affected by generous impulses. The income he derived from his profession was ample, and it was rather from a want of system in the management of his household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself listlessly on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the incidents of the party, and, among other circumstances to which he alluded, was that ludicrous application of a dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discussion on the merits of Herr's quadrilles. At this allusion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, approached, and, with a tear in her eye, said, "Ah, but, papa, the poor man was obliged to come to-night, for his cows are to be sold to-morrow for his own debts. I heard him tell John so, as I was passing across the lobby. Poor man, he cried as he went away."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his late application, which I only laughed at? Can any one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south side of the town. They did not even know his second name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson, "and find him out myself;" and, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the weather, and, accompanied by a servant, set out through the dark and rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search, but in so populous a district, with so imperfect a knowledge of the individual he was in quest of, it is not wonderful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length, from an old woman who kept a small shop, in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned enough to give him the strongest hopes of having discovered the man he sought. The residence of this man, however, was at so great a distance from the spot in which he then was, that Mr Davidson saw the necessity of returning home for the time, to relieve his wife's anxiety. At an early hour, he was resolved to resume his inquiries in the quarter to which he had been directed. Mrs Davidson and her husband slept but little in the few hours that now intervened between night and morning, so deep was the impression which the incident we have related had made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed, fortunately, to the right quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy Paterson's humble abode; they had refused his request for "a little time," in consequence of his inability to produce the fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting in a corner hopeless, and soon to be, to all appearance, houseless; one of the

cows was already brought out from its stall, and stood lowing at the door amidst a crowd of intending purchasers. Already was the poor cow "put up," when Mr Davidson arrived, made himself known, and put a stop to the proceedings. Conceiving himself to be in some measure the cause of all their distress, he was not contented with paying the sum he owed to the poor dairyman, but advanced enough to settle the whole amount of the claims. The worthy Sandy could only speak his gratitude by tears.

This affair was not less an era in this honest family's history, than it was in that of Mr Davidson. This night's experience taught him the lesson, that the whole hopes of a family may be dependent on a sum altogether unimportant to the individual who owes it, and that, in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence is as much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscientiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he and his family, ever after this period, took in the Patersons, when we mention, that the little girl, to whose accidental presence in her father's lobby the happy issue of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents, no long time afterwards, to dance at the wedding of Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married a certain William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have observed, at an early part of this *True Story*.

#### ANCIENT PROCESSIONS.

BY PROFESSOR TENNANT, OF ST ANDREWS.

THE most splendid processions that ever took place, were certainly the triumphal entries of the victorious Roman generals and emperors through the streets of Rome, to the Capitol. Every thing great, curious, splendid, costly, that could be raked together, or extorted from the conquered provinces, was there exhibited in such an array of grandeur, such an exuberance of magnificence, as was perhaps never before, at least on the same world-subduing scale, displayed, and shall perhaps never be again exemplified. The triumphal entry of the Emperor Vespasian is likened by an ancient historian, who was a spectator, to a *stream of gold and silver*, that for several days kept flowing up the crowded streets to the Capitol. The taste for processions seems to have been among the Romans coeval with their earliest existence as a state, but was improved, expanded, and rendered more ostentatiously luxurious, by their connection with Egypt and the East, and by the amplified means of gratification consequent upon the reduction of these richer regions of the world. Egypt and the East, being more populous, more abundant in gold and silver, and in all the rarer and more showy sorts of productions, animal, mineral, and vegetable, first conceived a taste for, and indulged in the exercise of, this ostentatious amusement.

Alexander the Great caught a passion for processions during his Oriental conquests; and all his generals, as they settled after his death in their several kingdoms, indulged their passion for such displays, wherein their wealth and the greatness of their power was spectated forth to the admiration of the world. Antiochus Epiphanes, the destroyer of Jerusalem, a monarch of great luxury, had a procession in his fine city of Antioch, which surpassed all that preceded it. He had heard that Æmilius Paulus had been exhibiting games at Macedonia, which had attracted the notice of all that part of the world; and it was for the purpose of outshining the Roman general, and proving his Oriental resources to be superior to those of the more naked provinces of the West, that he proclaimed and prepared his procession at Daphne. Notices of it were sent to all the cities of Asia Minor and Greece, announcing its preparations, and inviting the attendance of all who had any taste for such shows, or any ambition to take a prominent part in them. When it came, it satisfied the curiosity and astounded the imagination of all beholders.

We shall only give one or two links of the great chain of moving pomp which on this occasion twined round the streets of Antioch and the gay groves of Daphne. There were a hundred chariots of six horses each; forty of four horses; two drawn by elephants; in various places of the procession there were disposed thirty-six elephants; eight hundred young men wearing crowns of gold; a thousand fine oxen for sacrifice, with three hundred officiating priests; eight hundred fine elephants' teeth; an immense number of statues, some of gold, some gilt, some clad in golden vestments, of all the gods, goddesses, heroes, and demons, ever thought of or talked of by men; images meant to represent the night, morning, day, heaven, and earth; an endless quantity of golden and silver furniture; a thousand boys that belonged to Dionysius, the secretary of Antiochus, and one of his intimate friends, holding each a silver vase, which weighed not less than a thousand drachms; six hundred of the king's boys, carrying vessels of fine gold; two hundred young ladies, sprinkling perfumed waters from golden urns; eighty ladies, recumbent on golden-footed couches; and five hundred ladies, in rich dresses, sitting on silver-footed couches.

After this procession there followed entertainments for thirty days—hunting, gladiatorial combats, theatrical shows, eatings and drinkings. A thousand or sometimes fifteen hundred banqueting apartments were prepared for guests every day, with the choicest meats,

the most delicious wines, and the most elegant furniture. And, to crown all, and to constitute a bloated and indecorous burlesque of the whole, the monarch himself bustled about, sometimes like a steward, sometimes like a lackey, sometimes like a buffoon; now riding, anon walking; alternately inviting, chiding, encouraging, repressing; at times assuming the steps, airs, and dignities of a king; at other times, introducing the menials with particular dishes; drinking excitedly to some, and accepting the drinking challenges of others; rising up, sitting down, flitting restlessly and light-headedly about, leaving a morsel half eaten in one place, and a cup half drained in another; laughing with comedians, hopping with dancers, or gibing with scurrilous jesters! At last, as the banquet attained its consummation of extravagant delirium, his august majesty was carried into the midst of the banqueters, all wrapt up and swaddled about with a garment, and there laid down, by a band of acting buffoons, as if he were dead or drunk; whereupon all at once, on the orchestra giving the signal by a burst of symphony, he up-bolted to his feet, and danced, might and main, with the whole grotesque assemblage of jesters, gibbers, fools, and merry-andrews. Thus terminated the procession of Antiochus the Splendid and the Mad—for his subjects gave him both appellations; and his procession and his feast proved that he well deserved both.

The most perfect pageant, however, read of in history, was that of Ptolemaeus Philadelphus, an excellent prince, the encourager of learning, who united good morals with good taste and a love for the magnificent. It took place in the city of Alexandria, at that time (about 240 years before Christ) perhaps the most elegant city of the world. In the broad, long, column-lined streets of this splendid place, extending "from the Gates of the Sun to the Gates of the Moon"—for under the tutelage of these luminaries were placed the grand Eastern and Western Gates of Alexandria—spread, spired, and glittered along this most gorgeous procession of the richest monarch of the world. He himself viewed it from a pavilion built for the purpose, of dimensions corresponding to the dignity of his kingdom, and the vast scale of his processional preparations. The pomp began with the light of the morning-star; hardly had his beams been shed on the green waves of the Nile, when the train began to evolve itself from the "Gates of the Sun." It continued to flow on all day, without interruption, each division of the pomp being, it seems, appropriated to a certain god, by whose name it was ennobled. That of Bacchus, during the afternoon and evening, was the most remarkable. First of all, marched a number of persons attired like the drunken demi-god Silenus, with scarlet and purple frocks; after them followed Satyrs carrying torches entwined with ivy and spangled with gold; then Victories, with golden wings, clad in vestments pictured over with various animals, and bearing in their hands censers of gold entwined with ivy. After these was carried an altar six feet high, exquisitely adorned with golden foliage twisted like ivy-leaves, and having upon it a golden crown imitating the vine, with white fillets or mitres attached; then one hundred and twenty boys in purple dresses, bearing myrrh and frankincense on golden plates; after them forty Satyrs crowned with chaplets of ivy and gold, and having their bodies, according to their manner, tinged with vermilion and other flaring colours; after these, two more representatives of Silenus, in purple frocks and white sandals; between these personages, a man above six feet high, with mask and tragic accoutrements, bearing in his hand an Amalthæas horn of gold, and designed to symbolise the year; after him followed a very beautiful woman, splendid with gold and other apparel, carrying in the one hand a crown of a peculiar Egyptian tree, and in the other a branch of palm. After her trod persons representing the four Seasons, adorned most sumptuously, carrying two censers of gold entwined with ivy, and having between them a square altar of gold; then Satyrs crowned with coronets of ivy and gold, clothed in purple, some bearing cups, some goblets of gold; next came Philiscus, the poet and priest of Bacchus, with all his necessary scenic attendants; after them were borne along Delphic tripods, prizes for the athletic exercises, one fourteen feet high for the boys, and another eighteen feet high for the men. After these, a four-wheeled car, twenty-one feet long, and twelve feet broad, drawn along by one hundred and eighty men, and on which stood a statue of Bacchus, fifteen feet high, pouring wine from a golden cup, and clad in a purple robe reaching to his ancles, with a thin gauze-like garment flaunting over it. Before Bacchus lay a very large vessel of gold, in capacity of about one hundred and twenty gallons, and a golden tripod, upon which lay a golden fuming-pan, and two golden phials full of crocus and cassia. Over the statue's head was an umbrageous canopy woven of ivy, vine-leaf, and other foliage; and there dangled down from it numerous chaplets, ribands, timbrels, and nuptial-garlands. On the same car rode priests and priestesses in their proper dresses, and with all appropriate accompaniments; after these came a troop of Bacchanalian women, some with dishevelled hair, some garlanded with serpents, some with bind-weed, vine, or ivy, some having poniards in their hands, some serpents; behind them was dragged, by sixty men, another four-wheeled car, twelve feet broad, having upon it a figure, meant to typify Nyssa (the nurse of Bacchus), twelve feet high, covered with a saffron tunic variegated with gold. This figure, by some secret machinery, rose up, apparently of its



own accord, and, after sprinkling milk from a golden phial, resumed its seat. In its left hand was a thyrsus hung with garlands; on its head a golden crown, wrought like ivy, with clusters of precious stones of great value; overhead was a shady canopy; on the corners of the car were fixed four gilt lamps. There followed another four-wheeled car, thirty-six feet long, and twenty-four feet broad, pulled along by three hundred men, containing an enormous wine-press, thirty-six feet long, and twenty-two feet broad, full of grapes, which sixty Satyrs kept treading with their feet, singing all the while vintage-verses. The whole stadium and every street flowed with new wine that dript from it as it passed along. After this came another four-wheeled car, thirty-eight feet long, and twenty-one feet broad, drawn by six hundred men, upon which lay a huge leathern bottle, made of panthers' skins sewed together, and containing upwards of twenty thousand gallons of wine, which oozed from it all the way along; then one hundred and twenty Satyrs and Sileni, bearing crowns on their heads, and carrying goblets, phials, and splendid Thiercleian cups, all of pure gold. Next followed a large four-wheeled car, dragged by six hundred men, bearing a capacious vessel of silver, holding about four thousand five hundred gallons; it had figures of animals all round its lips, ears, and basis; its middle part was engirt with a golden crown set with gems; after it there came two silver-gilt sideboards or cup-holders, eighteen feet in circuit, and eight feet high. Then succeeded ten great lavers, and sixteen craters, of which the largest could contain two hundred and twenty-five gallons, the smallest five; then twenty-four large jars with six ears each; two silver wine-presses, on which lay twenty-four small cups; a table of solid silver, eighteen feet in circuit, and thirty others smaller; moreover, four tripods, of one of which, consisting of solid silver, the circumference was twenty-four feet; the others, being smaller, were in their middle part adorned with precious stones. After these followed eighty Delphic tripods of silver, less than the preceding, with squared angles; twenty-six water-urns; sixteen amphoræ or large jars of the finest sort; one hundred and sixty wine-coolers, of which the greatest held forty-five gallons, the smallest fifteen; all these were of silver. Next to them marched men carrying many golden vessels; four Spartan craters with vine-leaves environing their edges, and Corinthian workmanship with animals embossed; a wine-press with ten cups, and twenty-two coolers of various sizes; then four great golden tripods; then a gilded gem-adorned sideboard or cup-holder, fifteen cubits in circuit, and of corresponding height, on the sides and surface of which were ingeniously embossed many figures of animals; then four cupboards, two of which were of fine crystal edged with gold; after these other golden and smaller utensils; then one thousand six hundred boys clad in white cloaks, and crowned some with ivy, some with pine-leaf; again two hundred and fifty boys with golden goblets; four hundred with silver goblets; three hundred boys with wine-coolers, some of gold, some of silver; behind these a number of other boys carried pitchers used in sweetening and freshening wine, of which twenty were of gold, fifty of silver, three hundred pictured over with various beautiful waxen colours; from these pitchers and wine-vessels all the multitude of spectators partook temperately. After these followed some goodly tables, six feet broad, on which lay a quantity of sumptuous furniture, of which one article was the bed or sofa of Semelé, the mother of Bacchus, resplendent with precious stones and other furnishings; then a four-wheeled car, thirty-three feet long, and twenty-one feet broad, drawn along by five hundred men, upon which lay or stood a grotto, whose profundity extended to the whole length of the car, overshadowed without and overgrown within with ivy-leaf and vine-leaf, from which turtle-doves and wood-pigeons came ever and anon flying out, having their feet, however, fastened with silver twine, so that the spectators where they stood on the streets might easily catch them; from this grotto there spouted out two fountains, one of wine, and another of milk; all the nymphs in and about it wore golden crowns and gaudy dresses; Mercury stood by with his golden caduceus in his hand. To another four-wheeled car, which comprehended the whole history of Bacchus's Indian expedition, was attached an elephant, whereon sat the jolly god himself, eighteen feet high, garbed in a long purple cloak crowned with copious vine and ivy, waving in his hand a long gilded thyrsus, and having his feet shod with dazzling sandals. Before him, on the neck of the elephant, a Satyr, five cubits high, with a crown of gold intertwined with pine-leaf on his head, and a golden horn in his right hand; the elephant's trappings were overlaid with gold, and about his neck was an ivy-twined crown of gold. After him followed five hundred damsels, clad in purple tunics girt round with sashes of gold; one hundred and twenty Satyrs wearing brazen and silver panoplies; after these, five companies of asses, on which sat Sileni and Satyrs crowned; of these some had golden, some had silver, frontlets and furnishings. Then succeeded twenty-four chariots drawn by elephants; sixty chariots drawn by he-goats in pairs; twelve by lions; seven by wild goats; fifteen by buffaloes; eight by ostriches; seven by stags; eight by wild asses. On all this diversified string of carriages sat young men, having the broad-brimmed hats and other garniture of charioteers,

at whose sides sat boys with small bucklers and vine-mantled javelins, wearing showy dresses, and girt with crowns, some of pine-leaf, others of ivy. Chariots drawn by camels succeeded; then great wains dragged along by mules, which bore upon them barbaric tents, wherein sat Indian women and others dressed as captives. Camels came next, carrying loads of frankincense, cassia, cinnamon, and all the aromatic curiosities of the East; then a train of Ethiopians bearing presents, of whom some carried six hundred fine elephants' teeth, others two thousand large pieces of ebony, others sixty vessels of gold and silver, and masses of gold bullion. After these followed two huntsmen, wielding gold-bright javelins, and leading along with them two thousand four hundred dogs, some of Indian, some of the Hyrcanian, some of the Molossian, and other breeds; then one hundred and fifty men carrying trees, from the branches of which were suspended various little birds and animals, with cages containing parrots, peacocks, pheasants, and other Ethiopic birds. Then followed varieties of rare quadrupeds; one hundred and thirty Ethiopic sheep, three hundred Arabian sheep, twenty Euboeic sheep, twenty-six Indian oxen, all pure white; eight Ethiopic oxen, one great white bear, fourteen pards, sixteen panthers, four lynxes, three young bears, one camelpard, and one Ethiopic rhinoceros. Behind these followed, on a four-wheeled car, a figure of Bacchus flying to the altar of Rhea, with Priapus standing beside him, and Juno pursuing him; statues of Alexander and Ptolemy crowned with ivy and gold, and a statue of Virtue crowned with olive at the side of Ptolemy; figures of Priapus and the city of Corinth. Beside them a sideboard loaded with golden vessels, and a golden crater holding thirty-seven gallons. This car was followed by a bevy of fair ladies clad in splendid dresses, with ornaments suitable, all intended to represent the cities of Ionia, Greece, and the islands that had been rescued by the Macedonian conquests from the grasp of Persian power. On another chariot was borne a gilded thyrsus, not less than ninety cubits long, and a silver-gilded spear of sixty cubits; on another car a Phallus of enormous length, painted and girt about with garlands, having a gilded star at its extremity, the circumference of which was six cubits; then stalked twenty large lions; then came chariots containing statues of gods and Egyptian kings; next a choir of six hundred men-singers, of whom three hundred had golden organs and golden harps; and, last of all, as the grand tail and termination of this Dionysian pomp, there came two thousand bulls, all alike in colour, with gold-tipt horns, gilded frontlets, crowns about their heads, and other ornaments on and about their breasts.

Such was the pomp of Bacchus alone, after which followed that of Jupiter and the other gods; and after them that of Alexander the Great, whose statue, of gold, was elevated on a high chariot drawn by elephants, having Victory on one side of him, and Minerva on the other. Thrones of ivory and gold succeeded, whereon lay garlands and horns ornamented with gold. On the throne of Ptolemy Soter lay a crown, in the making of which ten thousand pieces of gold had been molten; censers followed, and altars, to one of which were affixed four gold-gilt torches ten cubits long; then came gilded hearths on chafing dishes, Delphic tripods, palm-trees foliated with gold and eight cubits in height, gold-gilt heralds' rods, gold-gilt thunderbolts, figures of temples, quadrupeds, and eagles, all of great magnitude, and all dazzling with gold-leaf or plate.

In the course of the procession, there were exhibited three thousand two hundred crowns, a golden coat of mail, another of silver, twenty golden shields, sixty-four golden panoplies, two golden graves, twelve golden basins, numerous phials, thirty-six golden goblets, ten great perfuming-pans, twelve water-urns, fifty plates or trenchers, sundry tables, five sideboards for sustaining the golden utensils. And after all this interminable pomp of inanimate things, followed that of the living—trains of horsemen and infantry splendidly accoutred; of footmen, fifty-seven thousand six hundred; of horsemen, twenty-three thousand two hundred; each man, and each steed, with appropriate ensigns and panoplies.

Such are the particulars of a spectacle whose immense diversity of splendour almost as much fatigues the reader to follow, as it exhausts the relater to enumerate; a pomp so rich in the precious metals, that a modern reader is tempted to question the possibility of any ancient monarch whatsoever being in possession of such extraordinary wealth. Yet it is transmitted to us by writers who say not a word to question its reality. What was the cost at which the gorgeous spectacle was prepared, we have no means of ascertaining. It must have amounted to some millions of pounds sterling, and could not have been accomplished unless the monarch had forcibly pressed every kind of assistance into his service. Whence, the unlearned may well ask, whence all the wealth which was thus lavished on the idle pomp of a day? The answer is easily given. It was extorted from the suffering inhabitants of conquered provinces spread over a large portion of Asia and Africa, and a part of Europe. Well might the sovereigns of Egypt, and afterwards those of Greece and Rome, distinguish their entries into their capitals by splendid processions, after having swept with their victorious armies over nearly half the globe, and carried off, by sheer robbery, all the articles of value which the industry of man had accumulated:

The wealth, however, which is procured by violence, is not lasting. The gorgeous splendour which we have described, only in each successive case led to the invasion of despoilers, and the last condition of each conquering monarchy was worse than it was at first. The ill-gotten gold of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, proved a curse rather than a blessing. All has passed away like a dream; and it is only in these latter times that the idea has been entertained, that the arts of peace are alone capable of rendering a nation either permanently great or happy.

#### SONG-BIRDS.

WHAT more beautiful sight is there in nature than a bird's nest, so compactly and tastefully formed, with the rounded, pure, and parti-coloured eggs glistening in the centre of it, and containing within them the hopes of the anxious little parents? The poet Wordsworth, whose fine eye no lovely object in creation has escaped, in his lyrical ballads exclaims:—

"Behold, within the leafy shade,  
Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance-discovered sight  
Gleamed like a vision of delight!"

To how many enjoyments, of a rational kind, and within the reach of the very poorest and humblest of mankind, do we obstinately shut our eyes, as if the earth contained no such sources of happiness! What, for example, can give more pure delight than to have beside one a little pair of song-birds, elegant in form, beautiful in plumage, docile and affectionate in disposition, and capable of filling the air around with cheerful melody? How pleasant to watch such a pair in the construction, at the call of nature, of a tiny dwelling; to behold the pretty eggs which by and bye are deposited in it, and to witness the tender cares which they expend on their offspring, till the latter are reared to maturity and strength! The yellow canary, with its sea-green eggs, the scarlet-beaked goldfinch, the chaffinch, the linnet, the blackbird, and a hundred other song-birds, are not difficult to be procured, and their maintenance and tending are neither costly nor toilsome. Believing that a more intimate acquaintance with the pleasing habits and qualities of the song-birds will tend to make them better appreciated, we propose to devote a portion of our pages to this agreeable department of natural history.

Let us begin with a view of the habits and attractions of the common linnet, a songster found in every quarter of our country. The forehead of the male linnet is reddish, his throat yellowish white, the feathers of the back chestnut, with the edges lighter, the under part of the body rust-coloured, and the tail black and forked. This is but an imperfect description of the bird, but it is too well known to require a long notice. In its wild state, the linnet prefers a bush to a tree, and is generally found in the skirts of woods. In confinement, it ought to be kept in a square cage, a round one being liable to excite giddiness. The bird is possessed of a strong crop, and should be fed on lintseed, mingled with hempseed; they should likewise be supplied with green vegetables, water, and sand, being very fond of bathing and dusting themselves. Linnets have two broods in the year, and lay from four to six eggs for each, of a bluish white, speckled with reddish brown, especially at the larger end. "The agreeable (says Bechstein, in his *Cage Birds*), brilliant, and flute-like song of the linnet, consists of several strains, succeeding each other very harmoniously. Our amateurs consider its beauty to depend on there being often mingled with it some acute and sonorous tones, that a little resemble the crowing of a cock, and have made people say that this bird crows. Its song is only interrupted during the year by moulting. A young one taken from the nest, which may be easily brought up on a mixture of the wetted crumb of white bread, soaked rapeseed, and eggs boiled hard, not only learns the songs of different birds that it hears in the room, such as nightingales, larks, and chaffinches, but, if kept by itself, airs and melodies that are whistled to it, and will even learn to repeat some words. Of all house birds, this, from the softness and flute-like sound of its voice, gives the airs that it is taught in the neatest and most agreeable manner. It is very pleasing and surprising to hear a young linnet that is well taught by a nightingale. Linnets may be accustomed to go and come at command, by treating them in their youth. It is common for a male linnet to pair with a hen canary, and their progeny can scarcely be distinguished from the grey canary. They sing delightfully, and learn different airs with great facility. It is well known, that among linnets, some are finer warblers than others, and that, as with many other birds, the old ones sing better than the young; on which account, yellow linnets, being the oldest, are the most valued."

The goldfinch is one of the loveliest of singing-birds. It has a crimson forehead with a black top; the under part of the neck is white, with the body generally of a fine brown; the tail forked and black, and the quill-feathers of a pure black, with white tips, and the middle of each feather of a golden yellow for the space of an inch. These are some of the prominent points in the

hues of the goldfinch, though to describe all the minute tints would require a page, and the varieties are very numerous. The bird, when in the cage, should be fed with hempseed and poppy, varied with lettuce, rape and canary seed, and green food occasionally, such as watercresses, chickweed, or endive. The female has rarely more than one brood in the year. Her eggs have a sea-green as the ground colour, and on this are mingled reddish black streaks with pale red spots and speckles. A male goldfinch and female canary pair well together, and their young ones are remarkable for beauty of plumage, and vocal powers. The goldfinch is a long liver, sometimes reaching twenty-four years.

Bechstein observes, in speaking of this songster, that it "is a very beautiful, lively, active bird, always in motion, and turning continually to the right and left. Its agreeable song, which is only discontinued during moulting, is a mixture of tones and harmonies, more or less dwelt upon; and the oftener the sound 'fink' is introduced, the more it is admired amongst us. There are some goldfinches that utter it only once or twice in their strains, whilst others will repeat it four or five times following. This species learn with difficulty to repeat airs from the flageolet, or other birds' songs, and in this respect is inferior to canaries and linnets; but it is remarkable for its docility. Goldfinches have been seen to let off a small cannon, and imitate death. When properly instructed, they will draw up their food and water. They are taught this by means of a miniature chain or pulley, furnished with a soft leather band, pierced with holes, through which the feet are to be passed. I have also (continues this experienced writer) seen goldfinches and siskens, placed in different cages, that have little bells fixed to the seed drawer in such a way that the bird cannot take its food without ringing them; the bells being harmonised, tolerably agreeable chimes are produced."

The canary is a delightful cage-bird, and is, unquestionably, one of the sweetest of singers. Its form is perfect in symmetry, and its hue "beautiful exceedingly," through all the varieties of yellow, white, blackish, and chestnut. The primitive race, as it came from the Canary Isles, is supposed to have had the upper part of the body of a linnet brown, and the under part of a yellowish green, with dark-brown eyes. The little foreigner takes kindly to mates of another race, and hence the various species now in existence. With the goldfinch, the linnet, and the green-bird, in particular, the canary readily enters into the ties of wedlock. The nest which the canary builds is remarkable for its neatness; and when different materials are supplied to it for this end, it evinces great discrimination in selecting the best. The eggs are of a sea-green colour, spotted at one end more or less with maroon or violet.

What the proper food for the canary is, has been the subject of much dispute. Dr Bechstein has some excellent observations upon this head, which, we regret, are too lengthy for insertion. Summer rapeseed he has found to answer best, mixing with it now and then, for the sake of variety, a little hempseed or canary. Green food, such as chickweed, is given in spring, and fresh water daily, both for drinking and bathing. All complicated mixtures of food are noxious, though too often used.

Canaries not only have fine notes of their own, but are possessed of excellent memories, and repeat musical sounds which they hear, with ease and precision. The manner of training them to the imitation of instruments, or the whistling of tunes, is thus described by Bechstein:—"No sooner have the young canaries reached the thirteenth or fourteenth day, than they begin to warble; and as these pretty birds are so docile as to neglect entirely their natural song, and imitate the harmony of our instruments, it is necessary immediately to separate from his companions, and from every other bird, the young one which is to be instructed, by putting him aside in a cage which is at first covered with a piece of linen, and afterwards with a darker cover. The air which is to be taught should be performed five or six times a-day, especially in the evening and morning, either by whistling, or on a flageolet or bird-organ; he will acquire it more or less readily in from two to six months, according to his abilities and memory; if his separation from the other birds is delayed beyond the fourteenth day, he will retain some part of his father's song, which he will always intermingle with his acquired air, and consequently never perform it perfectly."

The bullfinch is another of our finest cage-birds. His beautiful velvet black head and chin, his deep vermilion neck and breast, and his dark grey back and shoulders, conjoined with the strength of his make, and full rounded appearance, render the bullfinch a favourite with all bird-fanciers. It is besides a bird of peculiarly strong affections, and can hardly endure life when absent from its mate. Unfortunately, they do not breed well in confinement. In the wild state, the female, twice a-year, lays from three to six eggs, of a bluish-white colour, and spotted with violet and brown at the large end. In feeding bullfinches, it has been found that they thrive particularly well when the rapeseed is given to them soaked in water.

This bird, which can be trained to a high degree of perfection in singing, is fortunately one of the most easy to be procured. A decoy, or any of the common modes of snaring, effects his capture at once, when

his haunt is discovered. Regarding his vocal powers, Bechstein remarks:—"Although the song of the male and female bullfinch, in their wild state, is very harsh and disagreeable, yet, if well taught while young, as they are in Hesse and Fulda, where there are schools of these little musicians, for all Germany, Holland, and England, they learn to whistle all kinds of airs and melodies with so soft and flute-like a tone, that they are great favourites with amateurs, and particularly with the ladies. There are some of these little birds which can whistle distinctly three different airs, without spoiling or confusing them in the least. Added to this attraction, the bullfinch becomes exceedingly tame, sings whenever it is told to do so, and is susceptible of a most tender and lasting attachment, which it shows by its endearing actions; it balances its body, moves its tail from right to left, and spreads it like a fan. It will even repeat words, with an accent and tone which indicates sensibility, if one could believe that it understood them; but its memory must not be overloaded. A single air, with a prelude or a short flourish to begin with, is as much as the bird can learn and remember, and this it will execute to the greatest perfection. These little prodigies would be more interesting and agreeable, if their Hessian instructors possessed a little musical taste, but these are generally tradespeople, employed about the house with their different occupations and trades; and hymns, airs, minuets of a hundred years old, and public-house songs, in general compose the whole of their music. This, however, is not the little bird's fault. The bullfinch can also imitate the songs of other birds; but in general it is not permitted to do so, that it may only learn to repeat the airs which are taught it."

Different degrees of capacity are shown here, as well as in other animals. One young bullfinch learns with ease and quickness, another with difficulty and slowly; the former will repeat, without hesitation, several parts of a song; the latter will be hardly able to whistle one, after nine months' uninterrupted teaching. But it has been remarked that those birds which learn with most difficulty, remember the songs which have once been well learnt, better and longer, and rarely forget them, even when moulting.

Tame bullfinches have been known (says Buffon) to escape from the aviary, and live at liberty in the woods for a whole year, and then to recollect the voice of the person who had reared them, return to her, never more to leave her. Others have been known, which, when forced to leave their first master, have died of grief. These birds remember very well, and often too well, any one who has injured them. One of them having been thrown down, with its cage, by some of the lowest order of people, did not seem at first much disturbed by it, but afterwards it would fall into convulsions as soon as it saw any shabbily dressed person, and it died in one of these fits eight months after the first accident.

A bullfinch, belonging to a lady often mentioned before, being subject to very frightful dreams, which made it fall from its perch, and beat itself in the cage, no sooner heard the affectionate voice of its mistress, than, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, it became immediately tranquil, and re-ascended its perch, to sleep again. It was very fond of chickweed, and as soon as it perceived one bringing it to him, however much care was taken to prevent its finding it easily, it would show its joy by its actions and cries."

The chaffinch is one of the sprightliest warblers of spring. It is black in the forehead, greyish-blue on the top of the head and nape of the neck; the back is of a linnet-green, and the whole under part of the body of reddish chestnut brown; the quill feathers are black, edged with white on the outer side, while the tail is almost pure black. Such is the chaffinch; that is to say, the male bird; for the male being always preferred for singing qualities, it is that sex which we have preferred throughout to describe.

The nest of the chaffinch, as has been mentioned in a late number, is a model of ingenuity. The female deposits in it, twice a-year, from three to five eggs, of a pale bluish-grey, spotted and streaked with brown. Young chaffinches are exceedingly quick in the ear; and if it is intended to train them to artificial song, they must be removed from the nest as soon as the tail-feathers begin to appear. As to their food, they should be treated much in the same way as the birds already noticed, with the addition of insects to their diet, in accordance with their diet in the wild state. Rapeseed soaked in water, and the crumb of white bread, will be the proper food for young birds taken early from the nest for the purpose of training.

In Germany, the song of the chaffinch is admired almost to idolatry, and, in truth, its clear and trilling tones approach much more closely to articulate sounds than the notes of any other bird. The Germans have distinguished the most admired variations of the chaffinch's strains by different names, expressive of a fanciful meaning attached to the sounds. Dr Bechstein mentions the Wine song, the Bridegroom's song, the Rider's song, and several others, which are, no doubt, in a great measure, the result of the art employed in the education of the bird, being perfect as pieces of music. That the chaffinch should be able to execute such things, however, indicates the possession of very superior capabilities. "Indeed," says Dr Bechstein, "the chaffinch has so great a facility in learning, that it not only imitates perfectly the song of another chaffinch near which it has been

placed from youth, but being hung near a nightingale or canary, it learns several parts of their songs, and would no doubt give them completely, if its larynx were so formed that it could render notes so long and sustained; in fine, a great difference in memory is observed in these birds, as well as in all others of the singing species. Some require six months to learn an air that others catch on first hearing, and can repeat almost immediately; these can scarcely retain one of the songs given above; those can imitate three, four, and, should you wish it, five different ones. There are also some that cannot give one song without a fault, and we find others that will add to it, perfect it, and embellish it."

One thing peculiar to chaffinches, is the necessity of teaching them their song every year, and this in the manner proper for them, during the four or five weeks this exercise lasts. They first utter a murmur, or weak warbling, to which they add, at first in an under voice, one or two, and afterwards several syllables of their song; they are then said to *record*. A chaffinch that takes only a week or a fortnight to repeat this lesson for fully bringing out its voice, is reckoned among the geniuses of its species. It is known that other birds whose power of singing is confined to a particular season, also warble feebly, and mingle with their warbling some foreign notes, especially harsh and confused sounds; but none produce sounds so peculiar, and that have so little relation to their own song. If we pay a little attention, however, we shall find that this exercise is intended less to awaken the memory than to render the throat, stiffened by a tolerably long state of inaction, more pliant, and to bring back its natural flexibility."

It will readily be acknowledged that the pleasure of watching these delightful little creatures, of witnessing their tenderness of disposition, and of hearing their melodious notes, is well worth the petty trouble of tending them, besides being calculated, as every study that brings us in contact with nature is, to soften and refine the heart.

#### THOUGHTS ON COMMON-PLACE SUBJECTS.

##### THE HUNDRED-WEIGHT.

THE Americans "go ahead" of the British in all practical improvements. To effect any change for the better among us, however trifling it be, a world of talking, cogitation, and battling, must necessarily be employed. We do not here speak of matters connected with civil government; that is quite out of our line: we advert simply to improvements in small arrangements connected with business and matters of ordinary import. For instance, it is not long ago since the Americans reduced the hundred-weight from 112 to 100 pounds. The odd 12 bothered them in their calculations, and was observed not to be of the smallest use in any respect. So, having resolved to cut down the hundred-weight to what it ought to be, and what it professes to be, namely, one hundred pounds, they immediately, and without any fuss, executed their resolution. This is a small matter, but it is characteristic of the country in which it took place. We question if the British could manage to take the odd 12 from the hundred-weight, without a twenty-years' talk: It does not signify that nobody can explain how or when the odd 12 originated. "There it is—that is sufficient—it must not be meddled with—would you ruin the country with your pretended improvements?—let the hundred-weight alone: we have become a great people with it as it is, and with that let us be content." In this manner we go haggling on with a number of petty annoyances, which any ordinary shopkeeper would quash in half an hour, if they were to occur in the course of his own mercantile experience.

##### I AND J—U AND V.

The change in the hundred-weight is paralleled by another American innovation. In printing their dictionaries of the English language, they have separated the letter I from J, and U from V. It should be explained, that, about a thousand years ago, I and J were reckoned as one letter, and so were U and V. In old writings, they may be observed to be used in that loose way; and till the present hour they are confounded with each other in dictionaries published in Great Britain. Turn up any dictionary you please, and there you see the I's mixed with the J's, and the U's with the V's. There is not a publisher among us who can tell why this absurdity should continue; yet there is not one who has the fortitude to attempt its correction. In all likelihood, other two or three hundred years will elapse before it be a settled point in England, that I is not J, and that U is not V. No one knows what will be the extent of the controversy which must take place before the matter is determined. It is very certain, that, in the first place, there must be a great deal of talking and a great deal of writing on the subject. Every review, magazine, and news-



paper, every learned body, must have the point thoroughly sifted before any change can be countenanced on a philological point of so much importance. "What! would you be so daring as meddle with our alphabet?—would you ruin the country with your pretended improvements?—let the alphabet alone: we have become a great people with it as it is, and with that let us be content." Such, no doubt, will be the language used by our successors somewhere about the year 2000, or 2100, when the publisher of a dictionary starts up with the bold design of ever separating the I's from the J's, and the U's from the V's. In the meanwhile, the Americans have carried the design into execution, without saying a word about it. In their dictionaries, you have first the whole of the letter I, and then the whole of J, and the same reform is effected in the position of U and V. This, we think, is a very great improvement in the editing of dictionaries, and all other works of an alphabetic nature. Our present confused arrangement is not only vexing to the reader, but appears to lead to serious omissions on the part of the compiler. In a work now lying before us, dignified with the title of "Todd's Johnson's Dictionary," edited by "Thomas Rees, LL.D. F.S.A.," and published by "Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green," this conjunction of the I and J seems to have led to the omission of the word "if," one of the most important words in the English language. What must the world think of such an omission?—the learning of no fewer than three scholars, all of them, we believe, doctors of laws, employed in producing a dictionary of our vernacular tongue, and yet one of the most frequently occurring words in the language is overlooked. We hardly know any circumstance more ludicrous in the whole range of literary history.

## THE JACQUARD LOOM.

In a former number of the Journal we quoted a little story, from Dr Bowring's "Minor Morals," regarding Monsieur Jacquard, a weaver of Lyons, and the inventor of a loom for weaving silk, however complex in the patterns, with the common shuttle. Dr Bowring, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, lately appointed to inquire into the state of the arts in Great Britain, furnishes some additional particulars respecting Jacquard and his loom, which cannot fail to interest our readers:—"Jacquard (says he), the inventor of the beautiful and simple machinery by which the most intricate and complicated patterns are produced by the common shuttle, was more than once exposed to assassination, in consequence of the prejudices of the people against his discovery; he was regarded as a public enemy. Three attempts were made upon his life, and he was obliged for years to hide himself from the vengeance of the labouring population. That machine, by which this stuff was wrought, was broken up in the public place by the order and in the presence of the authorities. But Lyons, while resisting all manufacturing improvement, saw her trade decline, and her inhabitants reduced to misery. In the time of her distress, Jacquard was again thought of, and the resuscitation of the manufacture of Lyons is solely due to the introduction of the mechanism which had been thus publicly and ignominiously destroyed. Jacquard not only lived to see himself reinstated in the affections of his fellow-citizens, but was pensioned by the town of Lyons to the extent of one thousand crowns yearly; he was decorated with the legion of honour; he became the pride and boast of the operative classes, and I venture to say, that among the work-people of Lyons there is not at this moment a name held in any thing like the same esteem and affection as the name of Jacquard. He saw this change before he died, for his death took place only last year. He was accompanied to his grave by the most distinguished persons of his neighbourhood, and by multitudes of the working orders, and his picture now occupies the place of honour in the museum of the School of Art. I mention these circumstances as a remarkable instance and evidence of improved opinion, and of the disposition to consider the contributions of art and science as valuable auxiliaries to the manufacturing interests. At this moment ten thousand Jacquard looms are at work in Lyons."

Valuable as was the invention of Jacquard—prodigious as was the improvement on the old silk looms—it was with the utmost difficulty that they were brought into use in England. In this country, a habit prevails of sneering and laughing at every effort at improvement. With all our pretensions to intelligence, we are unable to perceive at a glance what will succeed, and what will fail. Wise as our manufacturers are, there is probably not one in a hundred who will venture on trying a new scheme till he see, in the first place, the said scheme succeed in the hands of some one who has more generosity or courage than himself. This propensity to sneer, laugh, and doubt—"It can't be done!"—was exemplified in a striking manner in the case of the Jacquard loom. Monsieur Claude Guilloite, a maker of Jacquard machines, on being examined before the above-mentioned Committee, gave the following account of his labours:—"I made, three years ago, the most complicated machines ever produced in England, with 4600 threads, at a cost of £50, and before it was put in order and set to use, it cost £100; it was for weaving napkins and table-cloths, which were all worked by one man. I also made many of the Jacquard machines, with 1600 to

1700 threads, for smaller table linen. Of late, I am making Jacquard machines by hundreds for all parts of England, where it had not been introduced before. For Yorkshire, I am particularly engaged at present making them for merinos and damasks, and the same for Bolton and Manchester; I have agents in Manchester, and Bolton district; and I have been engaged in making them at Coventry for riband.

Can you give the Committee any information as to the number of Jacquard machines in operation in this country?—From 7000 to 8000 Jacquard looms.

Has there been of late any great augmentation of the demand?—There has been an extraordinary increase: for the silk manufacture I receive, in London, orders for 6, 8, 10, at a time; in Yorkshire, I receive orders for from 60 to 80 at a time; and for worsted manufactures, the demand is also considerable. The demand commenced about eleven years ago, and has become much more active of late in Yorkshire; and yet, I was four years ago in Yorkshire, at Halifax, Huddersfield, and the surrounding country, with an interpreter, taking with me half a dozen, and *there was no individual willing to purchase one*; and after my return, I received an order for one machine, in order to make an experiment; it succeeded, and the consequence was, an order from the same individual, a Mr Gill, to manufacture more than 100 such machines, and there was a demand at any price from every body. These were to replace the old mechanism, which was employed in producing small patterns; those are principally used for waistcoats. To so simple a principle is the process of weaving now reduced, that even boys of 16 are set to weave the figures of so complicated a nature, as formerly would have required men of 20 or 30 years' experience." After this, the business of weaving silk may be introduced with ease into any of our country towns, and, if properly gone about, may in a great measure relieve that long-suffering class of artisans, the cotton hand-loom weavers. With the view of furthering this desirable object, we shall be glad to be furnished with a complete account, for publication, of the Jacquard loom and the mode of working it.

## A FEW DAYS IN IRELAND.

## SIXTH ARTICLE.

FROM the neighbourhood of Clogheen, where, as already mentioned, we had spent a couple of days, we set out on a fine September morning for Lismore, distant from the former town fourteen miles. From Clogheen, which lies in the bottom of a valley, the road ascends the side of the Knockmelidown chain of hills, in a series of traverses, like those which climb the sides of some of the Swiss Alps, or the Corriarrack of our own Highlands—and, passing through an opening, descends along an extensive and tame slope towards the valley of the Blackwater, in which Lismore is situated. Leaving the car to pursue its own devious way, we leapt with all the vigour and high spirits which the gay morning at once of the day and of our own lives, inspired, along the more rapid and direct ascent of the hill, and soon gained a point from which we could behold at one view nearly the whole of the extensive plain in which we had been driving about for the last two days. Stretched beneath our feet—but what avails description in such cases? Something more likely to interest the reader met our eyes as we descended towards Lismore. There, upon the widespread upland of moor and bog, a few industrious families had been planted about two years before, by the benevolence of the Duke of Devonshire, under such an arrangement as to encourage them to make the soil available for the purposes of husbandry. The effect of human labour in producing the means of human sustenance and comfort is here seen in a strikingly direct form, for, while the general wilderness still displays all its pristine features, the patches assigned to the settlers not only contain each a good house of solid masonry, but have already been subjected to such processes, as to bear smiling crops of grain and potatoes. We did not count above eight such settlements in our drive to Lismore; yet it was pleasant to see even eight families provided for out of the bounties of nature, without being beholden to any one; for, of course, though the noble landlord is to be allowed the highest praise for his enlightened and philanthropic motives, as indeed for the whole of his conduct towards his Irish tenantry, the settlers must be considered as yielding an ample return in the improvement they effect upon his ground. As we passed along the slope, we observed a new road, remarkably well formed, striking off to the left, and, on inquiry, were informed that it led to a monastery of Trappists, which had recently been built on a neighbouring portion of the same waste ground. Here, we found, was an example, upon a still larger scale, of what could be effected by a little industry on the waste grounds of Ireland. It is only four years since a sec-

tion of these monks were allowed by Sir Richard Keane, an extensive land proprietor, to take possession of about six hundred acres of the moorland above Lismore, on a hundred years' lease, without rent; and already, besides the requisite buildings for their residence and worship, for which wages were paid, they have, partly by their own labour, and partly by the gratuitous assistance of the Catholic farmers and peasantry, reclaimed a large portion of their farm, so as to raise excellent crops of grain, and all the articles of the kitchen-garden. The change thus effected must also be held as a curious testimony to the zealous religious feelings of the middle and lower classes of the people. In preparing lime, in tilling the ground, in draining, in laying roads, and all the other labours necessary for the comfort of the Trappists, they vied with each other in activity; never was any *paid* work, of the same extent, performed with more cheerfulness. A bridge across a mountain torrent on the road to the monastery being swept away by a flood, it was immediately built up again. We could not but regard this Trappist establishment as altogether a most remarkable feature in the country, whether on account of the physical or moral circumstances connected with it.

Lismore is one of the prettiest and most beautifully situated small towns in the south of Ireland. It is placed on somewhat elevated ground, on the west bank of the Blackwater; and its neat small church, its bridge, its castle, and the fine wood in which it is embowered, make up a scene which would be grateful to the eye after much finer ground than that which we had just traversed. The neatness and cleanness of the place is said to be in a great measure owing to the exertions and liberality of the Duke of Devonshire, whose seat occupies a conspicuous and romantic situation, overlooking the river, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. Lismore Castle, as this house is designated, was originally the residence of the Boyles, Earls of Cork; and Mr Robert Boyle, the most celebrated member of the family,\* was born here. The house is accessible from level ground towards the town; and it is therefore with some degree of surprise that a stranger, entering the principal suite of rooms, advances to windows having some hundred feet of sheer precipice interposed between them and the dark stream which rolls beneath. When James II. visited the Castle in 1689, he is said to have started back in dismay, on beholding from one of the windows a sight so unexpected. The window still bears his name.

In a walk of a few miles to Cappoquin, we were favoured with the most lustrous sunshine, for enjoying one of the most beautiful pieces of valley scenery that ever sunshine made more beautiful. The road proceeds under the shade of lofty over-arching groves, which are occasionally broken to afford a peep of the Blackwater, winding through rich meadows, and underneath almost equally verdant slopes. At Cappoquin, which is a populous village, we hired a boat—rowed by "four as good boys," as our hostess described them, as any in all Ireland—and proceeded down the river to Youghall, through scenery still more strikingly rich than that which we had enjoyed at Lismore. The smooth broad black stream, along which we floated almost without effort—the woody steep rising from the shores, with picturesque seats crowning their summits or sheltering at their bases—the light of the declining sun streaming in upon the scene through clouds of various dyes, like the light that pours through stained windows into some dimly beautiful cathedral—combined to yield a gratification of the highest kind, and to make us ask, "Why is all this so little known and enjoyed by so few?" The descent of neither the Danube, nor the Rhine, nor the Rhone, according to Mr Inglis, surpasses that of the Blackwater. Among the more striking edifices which meet the eye in this little river excursion, are Drumanna, the seat of Mr Villiers Stuart; Tourin, the seat of Sir R. Musgrave; and Stranally Castle, the seat of Mr Ronau. The sun had set before we reached the estuary in which the Blackwater terminates, and on the shore of which the sea-port town of Youghall is situated. But we had still light to comprehend and appreciate a very remarkable work of art which here met our eyes. This was a substantial wooden bridge, of about a mile in length, which stretches across the bay above Youghall—one of those great public works, which strike a strange eye, in Ireland, as distancing so greatly the apparent natural resources of the country.

Youghall, upon which we awoke next morning, is a goodly sea-port town, bearing in the centre a somewhat antique air, but efflorescing towards the extremities in many handsome modern buildings. The export trade, for which it has some peculiar advantages, flourishes here. The sea-beach, from which we looked out for the first time upon the broad Atlantic, is very smooth and pebbly, and a favourite resort for sea-bathing. Youghall is somewhat famous in Irish history, and contains some interesting remains of antiquity. Fragments of its wall, and a tower of defence, both the scenes of dreadful carnage in the seventeenth century, are particularly indicated to the tourist. There is also a ruined collegiate church, of great architectural beauty.

The name of Sir Walter Raleigh gives a tender interest to this lonely sea-port. Large grants of property were here made to him by Elizabeth, and the house in which he lived still exists in the neighbour-

\* Father of chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork, as some one described him.

hood. Since Raleigh's time, the exterior, which is in the style of an Old English manor-house, has been slightly altered; but the interior has been preserved in its original state. The name of Myrtle Grove has been, rather unfortunately, conferred on the house. The rooms are wainscotted with Irish oak, richly carved with devices and the figures of animals; behind one of the panels, a bible nearly coeval with the invention of printing was lately discovered. The environs of the house are extremely beautiful, being planted with myrtles, the strawberry arbutus, and other delicate shrubs, the vigour of which speaks strongly for the mildness of the climate. In the garden, tradition reports that Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever reared on this side of the Atlantic—

"By Raleigh 'twas planted in Yeughall so gay,  
And Munster potatoes are famed to this day,  
Balla-na-mo-na ora,  
A laughing red apple for me!"

To what extent the ardent-minded soldier enjoyed the quiet of this grove of sweet myrtles, is extremely doubtful. In the following verses, he appears as a lover of rural retirement—

Heart-teasing cares and quiv'ring fears,  
Anxious night, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to court, and  
Fly to fond worldling's sports;  
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,  
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;  
Where mirth's but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
Sad troops of misery!  
Come serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,  
Or the pure azure heaven that smiles to see  
The rich attendance of our poverty.  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know  
Where joy, heart's ease, and comfort grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in those bowers;  
Where winds, perhaps, our woods may sometimes shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make,  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Savouring of fountains that glide by us.

But it is needless to remind the reader, that the profession of a love of the country was only a literary fashion of that age; and probably, in these lines, we have only, as a writer in the Dublin Penny Journal remarks, "an additional proof of the facility with which men, for a while, can cheat themselves into an utterly illusive estimate of their own dispositions and inclinations." It is pleasing, nevertheless, to contemplate this beautiful natural scene as the retirement of a man like Raleigh, who must have at least seen in it a striking contrast to the turmoil of a heartless court, and the still more harrowing scenes of military violence into which he had been plunged. Fond memory also turns with delight to those meetings which he had with the congenial Spenser, at the seat of that unfortunate bard in the same county, where his advice and encouragement are said to have helped on the composition of one of the most poetical works in the English language—the *Faerie Queen*—and where he was himself celebrated in lays of witching minstrelsy.

The direct road from Youghall to Cork is of renowned beauty; but, after enjoying it as far as Castle Martyr, veneration for the memory of a good man—a man great, moreover, but to whom our homage was paid almost exclusively on account of his pure and singular goodness—induced us to diverge from it, that we might see the old cathedral town of Cloyne. It was the unanimous wish of the party, in visiting the cathedral and episcopal house of this place, to connect them with the image of Bishop Berkeley, who, for the sake of the virtues he could practise in them, had disdained the splendours of a primacy. And let it be remarked, as, in its own humble way, some encouragement to a life of virtue, that four young persons from a distant country thought it worth their while thus to go out of their way, for the sake of the memory of a good man dead more than a century. We found the cathedral very plain, but deriving interest from a round tower in the neighbourhood, entire, excepting a small portion of the summit. Cloyne being one of the recently annexed bishoprics, the handsome old-fashioned house which had given shelter to Bishop Berkeley, is now occupied by a private family.

After a brief walk, we found ourselves on the shore of the Cove of Cork, a well-known land-locked basin which here affords shelter for fleets of every kind on their way to or from America. Taking boat at Rostellan, we were quickly rowed across to the village of Cove, which, rising from the sea-beach along a steep ascent, overlooks the basin, from which it has a fine appearance. Cove arose in consequence of the frequentation of war-vessels to this bay during the last war: an immense range of storehouses for the navy is still seen on an opposite shore. Its original prosperity is still in some measure kept up, by virtue of the resort to it from the neighbouring city of Cork, to the inhabitants of which it is what Margate is to London, Portobello to Edinburgh, and Kingstown to Dublin. In front lies the island of Spike, containing a marine fortification. After landing, we ascended to the top of the town by a series of zig-zag streets, and, from a commanding station, enjoyed the singularly beautiful scene of mingled land and water spread out before us, for which the light of a calm autumn sunset was singularly favourable. From Cove we afterwards pro-

ceeded to Cork by a steam-boat, expecting to be in time to behold the beautiful estuary of a few miles' extent which extends between the two places. Our calculations, however, were frustrated by the delay of the steam-boat about three quarters of an hour behind its time—a circumstance but too characteristic of Ireland, with the solitary but honourable exception of the Kingstown Railway. I am thus unable to speak of the beauties of Passage and Black-rock, being only acquainted with them from hearsay.

#### EDMUND BURKE AND HIS SON.

No passage in the busy career of that distinguished orator, Edmund Burke, is so deeply interesting and affecting as the manner in which he felt the early death of his only son. A loss of this nature is in most instances a grievous calamity; but in the present case, the peculiar circumstances and relations which bound the father to his son, rendered the blow the heaviest which could have fallen.

Unknown and unfriended, Burke had left the place of his nativity in Ireland, and, before many years had passed over his head, he had attracted the attention of the whole of Britain. Before the age of thirty, he enjoyed the highest rank in the region of belles-lettres and philosophical criticism. Ere he had reached the age of forty, he had placed himself on still higher ground. He had shown himself possessed of the most shining powers as an orator, "had commanded the applause of listening senates," and had fixed upon himself the character of being one of the most brilliant of living statesmen. Whether he was at the same time the wisest or the most philanthropic of legislators, it is not here our business to discuss; though the manner in which he is known to have spoken of the unprivileged orders of society, may be reckoned a proof of his want of sympathy with the feelings and wants of the mass of the community. We do not, however, enter upon the question of the correctness of Burke's public principles and views: our object is to show one or two points in his private history, particularly the anguish of mind which he suffered in consequence of the loss of an only and dearly beloved son—the sole hope of his existence, and for whose success in life he was deeply anxious. Let it not be said, that there is not a use in thus showing how far the best of children should be looked upon more in the character of a *loan* than of a *gift*, and, consequently, how insecure are all the fondest anticipations of parental affection.

Twenty-nine years after Burke's first entrance into Parliament, he resigned to his son Richard his seat for Malton, in order to give him an opportunity of taking that part in public affairs, to which his talents, in the father's eyes, seemed every way equal. At the same time, feeling the weight of years, the elder Burke looked forward to passing the evening of life in retirement and peace, and in giving such counsels to his successor as might enable him to play his part well in the busy arena of public life, and to move in the same high and honourable walk which he himself had trodden. Richard was at this time thirty-six years of age, and shortly after taking his seat in Parliament, was placed, to his father's great gratification, on the first step of office, by Lord Fitzwilliam's appointment of him as secretary in the Irish viceroyalty. At a dinner given on this occasion to several friends, the father expatiated to his guests on the brilliant career which he anticipated for Richard. The son was present at that banquet, and, though none ventured to give utterance to their thoughts, many of the party, in looking at his flushed and hectic countenance, entertained melancholy fears, instead of hopes. These fears were but too well founded. Brocklesby, the family physician, who had been consulted for what Edmund Burke considered a slight illness of the son, had satisfied himself that Richard's disorder was consumption. At the same time, knowing well the father's extreme sensitiveness of heart, the physician decidedly suppressed from him all knowledge of the nature of the disease, declaring that it would sooner put an end to his life than his son's. For the benefit of the country air to the patient, the family removed to Cromwell House at Brompton, until Richard should commence his journey to Ireland. Here, however, he became rapidly worse, and at length it was found necessary to communicate the melancholy truth to his father. Dr Brocklesby had rightly anticipated the effect of this intelligence. From the moment of his receiving it, which was only a week before the fatal issue occurred, Burke scarcely ever tasted sleep or food, and continued uttering incessantly the most affecting lamentations, up till the hour in which the tomb closed on the son.

Several letters, written during this week (August 1794), show the manner in which the mind of the unhappy father was affected. To Dr Lawrence, his well-known friend, he thus utters his sentiments:—"Things are bad enough, but the doctors bid me not think them desperate. His stomach is continually on the turn—nothing rests on it, owing to the irritation caused by the inflammation of the trachea towards the bottom. The fever continues much as it was. He sleeps in a very uneasy way from time to time—but his strength decays visibly, and his voice is in a manner gone. But God is all sufficient—and surely

his goodness and his mother's prayers may do much. As to me, I feel dried up. Don't talk too much of the matter—only to the Chancellor, and merely in civility to him. Whether I am to have any objects, depends on *his recovery*."

The catastrophe at length arrived, and the affecting particulars of the event are thus described, in a letter from Dr Lawrence to Mrs Haviland, a relation of the Burkes:—"You know every thing till the night previous to his death. During that night he was restless and discomposed. In the morning his lips were observed to have become black. His voice, however, was better. His father and mother did not allow themselves to be flattered by the favourable symptoms. Their lamentations reached him where he lay. He rose from his bed. He then desired the servants to support him towards the room where his father and mother were sitting in tears. On reaching the room door, with the affectionate hope of inducing them to believe that he was gaining strength, he desired his supporters to quit him, and entered alone. He made a vigorous exertion of his remaining powers, and crossed the room, first to the window, and then to the point where his parents sat gazing at him with intense anxiety, but unable to utter a word. Endeavouring to enter into conversation with his father, he said, 'I am under no terror. I feel myself better, and in spirits; yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray, talk to me, sir: talk of religion, talk of morality; talk, if you will, on indifferent subjects.' Finding himself, immediately after this, much feebler, he was supported to his bedroom by his parents. Hearing a rustling noise without doors, he asked 'if it rained.' His father explained to him, that 'it was the wind among the trees.' Immediately, with a voice as clear as ever in his life, and a more than common grace of action, he repeated some beautiful lines from Adam's Morning Hymn. They are favourite lines of his father's, and were so, I recollect, of his poor uncle's, to whom he was then going, with those very lines on his tongue—

'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow—  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship woe!'

He began again, and again pronounced the lines with increased solemnity, waved his head in sign of worship, and thus sank back in the arms of his parents, as in a profound and sweet sleep." After a moment of insensibility, his spirit fled.

"The behaviour (continues Dr Lawrence) of our two poor friends, is such as might be expected by those who know their sensibility. \* \* \* During the first day, the father was at times, as I have heard, truly terrible in his grief. He occasionally worked himself up to an agony of affliction, and then, bursting away from all control, would rush to the room where his son lay, and throw himself headlong on the bed or on the floor." At these times he would call aloud, in the most agonised and affecting tones, for the hope of his age, the stay of his life, the comfort of his declining years. Again he would relapse into a temporary calm, and endeavour to bring to resignation his own mind and that of his partner in distress. In these subdued moments he employed himself in every little office which his departed son used to take pleasure in, or which he thought would gratify the deceased, if alive. The mother's sorrow was not less deep, though less vehement. It was exhibited in continued and alarming bursts of tears, and expressions of regret that she had not been taken away before witnessing the extinction of all her hopes. To her husband's entreaties that she would allow herself to be taken from the melancholy scene, she answered always, "no, Edmund; as long as he remains here, I will remain here."

Reason and religion, after a time, resumed their sway in the breasts of the bereaved parents. Burke regained his calmness sufficiently to give the requisite directions regarding the final duties to the dead, and his wife was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of her friends, to leave the house previous to the funeral. Dr Lawrence thus describes their situation, on his first interview with them, after Richard's death:—"At last I have seen poor Burke. His grief was less intolerable than I had supposed. He took me by surprise, or I should then have avoided him. He told me he was bringing his mind by degrees to his miserable situation; and he lamented that he went to see his son after death, as the dead countenance has made such an impression on his imagination, that he cannot retract in his memory the features of his *living* Richard." In another letter the doctor mentions having seen Mrs Burke in presence of her husband:—"After our first meeting, she was more composed than he, or she played her part more naturally, in order not to discompose him. He took me by the hand, and spoke in a tone of artificial and laborious fortitude; she saw through the disguise, and gently reproved him for not supporting himself as he promised."

If there be any who conceive that, even under all the circumstances which were stated at the outset of this paper, the violence of sorrow shown by Burke on his son's death was greater than became him, we beg them to recollect the peculiar ardency and susceptibility of temperament which distinguished him through his whole life, and to this to ascribe the acuteness of his sufferings, and his temporary appearance of despair. Besides, the son thus lamented had long been his soother in private, and an able counsellor and friend. In the son's eyes, the father appeared one of the first characters in history, and the father rated the son's

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talents as superior to his own. Burke never recovered from the blow; and all his writings and letters after this period, which were chiefly elicited from him in defence of his former life and expressed opinions, are full of melancholy allusions to his great visitation. With one of these passages, containing a nobler tribute to the memory of a son, than ever son penned in honour of a father, we shall conclude the present paper. The quotation is from the reply to a noble lord, who had cast reflections upon him.

"Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in honour, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the noble lord, or any whom he traces in his line. His grace would very soon have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon the provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He soon would have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to have resorted to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a silent living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. \* \* \* The storm has gone over me, and I lie, like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours—I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognise the divine justice. But while I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. \* \* \* I am alone—I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me, have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which must ever subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed for me. I owe to him to show that he was not descended of an unworthy parent."

Edmund Burke survived his son Richard three years. He died on the 8th of July 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

## ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[John Aubrey, the collector of the following traditional memoranda, was born in 1625, and distinguished himself as an antiquary and a naturalist. From an allusion to Sir Walter Long of Draycot, it is probable that these memoranda were written after the Restoration, when the author was reduced by misfortunes to become a dependent on the charity of a benevolent lady of that family. The original manuscript is in the Ashmole Museum.]

THERE were very few free-schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were taught Latin in the monasteries; and young women had their education in the nunneries, where they learned needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic (apothecaries and surgeons being then rare), writing, drawing, &c. Old Jacques [probably Henry Jenkins is meant], now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St Mary Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the nymph bay, with their rocks and wheels, to spin, sometimes to the number of seventy; all of whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for education. Anciently, before the Reformation, ordinary men's houses, and copyholders, and the like, had no chimneys, but flues like lower-holes; some of them were in being when I was a boy.

In the halls and parlours of great houses were wrote texts of scripture on the painted cloths.

Before the last civil wars, in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to table was a boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth. At Queen's College, Oxford, they still retain this custom, the bearer of it bringing it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, "Apri caput defero," and so on. The first dish that was brought up to table on Easter-day, was a red herring riding away on horseback; that is, a herring ordered by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn salad.

The use of "your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France [to Charles I.], which is derived from *voire très humble serviteur*; the usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you;" "God be with you;" and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder. Till this time the court itself was unpolished and unmannured.

At Tomarton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Rivers, is a dungeon, thirteen or fourteen feet

deep; about four feet high are iron rings fastened in the wall, which were probably to tie offending villains to, as all lords of manors had this power over their villains (or socage tenants), and had all of them no doubt such places for punishment.

It is well known all castles had dungeons, and so I believe had monasteries, for they had often within themselves power of life and death. Mr Dugdale told me, that about Henry III.'s time, the Pope gave a bull or patent to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe to build churches. In the days of yore, ladies and gentlemen lived in the country like petty kings; had castles and boroughs; had gallows within their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute; never went to London but in Parliament time, or once a-year, to do homage to their king. They always sate in their Gothic halls, at the high tables, or orsille, which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stands a table, with the forks at a side table. The meat was served up by watch-words. Jacks are but of late invention; the poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of men servants and retainers were in the hall, as now in the guard or privy chamber here. In the hall, mummings and loaf-stealing, and other Christmas sports, were performed. The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying, "round about a coal fire."

Every baron and gentleman of estate kept great horses for men at arms; some had their armouries, sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men. The halls of the justices of peace were dreadful to behold. The screen was garnished with croslets and helmets gaped with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberds, brown bills, and bucklers.

Public inns were rare—travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served. The meetings of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with their hawks and hounds, and their bugle horn, in silken bawdries.

In the last age, every gentleman-like man kept a sparrow-hawk, and a priest kept a hobby, as Dame Julian Bernera teaches us (who wrote a treatise on Field Sports in Henry VI.'s time). It was a diversion for young gentlemen to manage sparrow-hawks and morlines.

Before the Reformation there were no poor's rates. The charitable doles given at the religious houses and the church aisle in every parish did the business.

In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, polls, and other articles for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, and other amusements. There were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry VIII.; that at Oxon, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England.

In every church was a poor's box, and the like at great inns. Before the wake or feast of the dedication of the church, they sat all night, fasting and praying; namely, on the eve of the wake.

Glass windows in churches and gentlemen's houses were rare before the time of Henry VIII. In my own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none. In Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Salop, it is so still. About ninety years ago, noblemen and gentlemen's coats were of the fashion of the beards and yeomen of the guard, gathered at the middle. The benches in the inns of court yet retain that fashion in the make of their gowns. Captain Silas Taylor says, that in the days of yore, when a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that part of the horizon where the sun arose, for the east, which makes that variation, so that few stand true except those built between the equinoxes.

In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a curtsy to the new moon; and our English women in this country have a touch of this; some of them, sitting astride on a gate or stile, the first evening the new moon appears, say, "a fine moon, God bless her." The like I observed in Hertfordshire.

The Britons received their knowledge of husbandry from the Romans: the foot and the acre, which we yet use, is the nearest to them. In our west country, and I believe in the north, they give no wages to the shepherd, but he has the keeping of so many sheep with his master's flock. Plautus hints at this in his *Asinaria*.

The Normans brought with them into England, civility and building, which, though it was Gothic, was yet magnificent. Upon any occasion of bustling in those days, great lords sounded their trumpets, and summoned those that held under them. Old Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, kept a trumpeter, who rode with thirty servants and retainers; hence the sheriffs' trumpets at this day. No younger brothers then were to betake themselves to trade, but were churchmen, or retainers to great men.

From the time of Erasmus, till about twenty years last past, the learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starch as their hands and square beards; and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old boys, when quibbles passed for wit even in their sermons.

The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind; and their way of breeding up their children

was suitable to the rest; they were as severe to their children as the schoolmasters; as severe as masters of the house of correction. The child perfectly loathed the sight of the parent, as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools, bareheaded, before their parents; and the daughters, well-grown women, were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of the proud mother's visits, unless, as the fashion was, leave was desired, forsooth, that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing.

The gentlemen had prodigious fans, as it is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least one-half as long, with which their daughters were corrected. Sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice, told me he was an eye-witness of it.

The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan, but fathers and mothers slash their daughters in the time of their besom discipline, when they were perfect women. At Oxford (and I believe also at Cambridge) the rods were frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr Potter of Trinity College, I knew right well, whipt his pupil with his sword by his side when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court.

The last summer, on the day of St John the Baptist, I was accidentally walking in the pasture behind Montague-House; it was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women; most of them were habited on their knees, very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was. At last a young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands; it was to be found that day and hour.

## MARY HOWITT'S POETRY.

We have before us three volumes of the poetry of Mary Howitt—"The Forest Minstrel and other Poems," 1823; "Sketches of Natural History," 1834; and "Tales in Verse," 1836. We have also perused many ballad contributions by this lady to *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. So extensive an acquaintance with her writings enables us to recommend them with confidence to our readers, especially to those of the more gentle sex—more particularly still, to mothers. Mary Howitt does not rise to the strength of a Joanna Baillie, nor even to the fine chivalric energy which a Hemans could sometimes display. Her genius leads her to depict the soft in physical and moral nature—the beauty of flowers and of birds, the placidity and solitude of unruffled forests at noon or sunset, and the tranquillity of happy homes, the residence of the milder affections. The only occasions on which she rises into a higher region of poetry, is when, in some of her ballads, she throws over a few simple incidents a certain romantic glow, like that which time has imposed upon the old compositions of the same class. One other strain she has, in a certain playful and figurative way of treating ordinary objects and events, like that which seems to have presided over the composition of many of the rhymes and riddles of the nursery. These peculiarities, joined to a low-life purity of feeling, and a tone of piety all the better that it is unobtrusive, qualify her in an especial manner for the task of writing poetry for young people; and, accordingly, we have rarely perused any thing of that kind with which we were so entirely pleased, as we have been with the two latter of the above-mentioned volumes. It may be mentioned, that, to put the *Sketches of Natural History* and *Tales in Verse* to a more effectual test, we submitted them to a girl of six years, in whom we are much interested, and we had the gratification of finding that to her they were not only intelligible, but apparently most captivating and agreeable. First, as a specimen of Mrs Howitt's figurative and amusing manner, we shall present

### THE TRUE STORY OF WEB-SPINNER.

Web-Spinner was a miser old,  
Who came of low degree;  
His body was large, his legs were thin,  
And he kept bad company;  
And his visage had the evil look  
Of a black felon grim;  
To all the country he was known,  
But none spoke well of him.  
His house was seven stories high,  
In a corner of the street,  
And it always had a dirty look,  
When other homes were neat;  
Up in his garret dark he lived,  
And from the windows high  
Looked out in the dusky evening  
Upon the passers by.  
Most people thought he lived alone  
Yet many have averred,  
That dismal cries from out his house  
Were often loudly heard;  
And that some living left his gate,  
Although a few went in,  
Far be it said the very beggar old,  
And stripped him to the skin;  
And though he prayed for mercy,  
Yet mercy never was shown—  
The miser cut his body up,  
And picked him home from huns.  
Thus people said, and all believed  
The dismal story true;  
As it was told to me, in truth,  
I tell it so to you.  
There was an ancient widow—  
One Masley de la Moth.  
A stranger to the man, or she  
Had ne'er gone there, in troth;  
But she was poor, and wandered out  
At nightfall in the street,  
To beg from rich men's tables  
Dry scraps of broken meat.

So she knocked at old Web-Spinner's door,  
With a modest tap, and low,  
And down stairs came he speedily,  
Like an arrow from a bow.  
"Walk in, walk in, mother!" said he,  
And shut the door behind—  
She thought for such a gentleman,  
That he was wondrous kind;  
But ere the midnight clock had tolled,  
Like a tiger of the wood,  
He had eaten the flesh from off her bones,  
And drank of her heart's blood!

Now after this fell deed was done,  
A little season's space,  
The burly Baron of Bluebottle  
Was riding from the chase:  
The sport was dull, the day was hot,  
The sun was sinking down,  
When wearily the Baron rode  
Into the dusty town.

Says he, "I'll ask a lodging  
At the first house I come to;"  
With that the gate of Web-Spinner  
Came suddenly in view:  
Loud was the knock the Baron gave—  
Down came the churl with gloe,  
Says Bluebottle, "Good sir, to-night  
I ask your courtesy;  
I'm wearied with a long day's chase—  
My friends are far behind."  
"You may need them all," said Web-Spinner,  
"It runneth in my mind."  
"A Baron am I," said Bluebottle;  
"From a foreign land I come."  
"I thought as much," said Web-Spinner,  
"Fools never stay at home!"  
Says the Baron, "Churl, what meaneth this?  
I defy ye, villain base!"  
And he wished the while in his inmost heart  
He was safely from the place.  
Web-Spinner ran and locked the door,  
And a loud laugh laughed he;  
With that each one on the other sprang,  
And they wrestled furiously.  
The Baron was a man of might,  
A swordsman of renown;  
But the miser had the stronger arm,  
And kept the Baron down:  
Then out he took a little cord,  
From a pocket at his side,  
And with many a crafty, cruel knot  
His hands and feet he tied;  
And bound him down unto the floor,  
And said in savage jest,  
"There's heavy work in store for you;  
So, Baron, take your rest!"  
Then up and down his house he went,  
Arranging dish and platter,  
With a dull and heavy countenance,  
As if nothing were the matter.  
At length he seized on Bluebottle,  
That strong and burly man,  
And with many and many a desperate tug,  
To hoist him up began:  
And step by step, and step by step,  
He went with heavy tread;  
But ere he reached the garret door,  
Poor Bluebottle was dead!

Now all this while a Magistrate,  
Who lived the house hard by,  
Had watched Web-Spinner's cruelty  
Through a window privily:  
So in he bursts, through bolts and bars,  
With a loud and thundering sound,  
And vowed to burn the house with fire,  
And level it with the ground;  
But the wicked churl, who all his life  
Had looked for such a day,  
Passed through a trap-door in the wall,  
And took himself away:  
But where he went no man could tell;  
"Twas said that underground,  
He died a miserable death,  
But his body ne'er was found.  
They pulled his house down stick and stone,  
"For a caldill vile as he,"  
Said they, "within our quiet town  
Shall not a dweller be!"

As an example of the simple tenderness and devotional feeling  
which breathe through many of Mrs Howitt's pieces, we give

#### THE YOUNG MOURNER.

Leaving her sports, in pensive tone,  
"Twas thus a fair young mourner said,  
"How sad we are now we're alone—  
I wish my mother were not dead!"  
I can remember she was fair;  
And how she kindly looked and smiled,  
When she would fondly stroke my hair,  
And call me her beloved child.  
Before my mother went away,  
You never sighed as now you do;  
You used to join us at our play,  
And be our merriest playmate too.  
Father, I can remember when  
I first observed her sunken eye,  
And her pale, hollow cheek; and then  
I told my brother she would die!  
And the next morn they did not speak,  
But led us to her silent bed;  
They had us kiss her icy cheek,  
And told us she indeed was dead!  
Oh, then I thought how she was kind,  
My own beloved and gentle mother!  
And calling all I knew to mind,  
I thought there ne'er was such another!  
Poor little Charles, and I! that day  
We went within our silent room;  
But we could neither read nor play—  
The very walls seemed full of gloom.  
I wish my mother had not died,  
We never have been glad since then;  
They say, and so it true, she cried,  
"That she can never come again!"  
The father checked his tears, and thus  
He spoke, "My child, they do not say,  
Who say she cannot come to us;  
But you and I may go to her."

Remember your dear mother still,  
And the pure precepts she has given;  
Like her, be humble, free from ill,  
And you shall see her face in heaven!"

Of the many poems of Mrs Howitt referring to inanimate natural objects, we have not room on the present occasion to present a specimen; but this may be done in a future number. It may be mentioned that Mrs Howitt is the wife of William Howitt of Nottingham, himself equally distinguished in the walks of literature; and that both belong to the Society of Friends.

#### TRIFLES TO SMILE AT.

##### THIRD SERIES.

The articles on sale in an American store are so multifarious, that Duncan M'Laren, who kept such a place of merchandise in New York, thought it advisable to attempt classifying them. He accordingly assumed as general heads, wines, liquors, cordials, spices, and fruits. But how much an inhabitant of the British Isles smile, when he learns that honest Duncan arranged under "spices," sperm and moid candles, white and blue starch, Havannah segars, London and American porter, and Scotch ale and brown stout—while, among the "fruits," were anchovies, whale oil, and Windsor soap!

Few have perhaps heard of the passion of the eccentric John Stone, for the late Princess Royal of England; we therefore present them with the following ludicrous declaration of it in a genuine letter, which was written by him to a great personage:—"To our gracious Queen Charlotte, Mistress of Great Britain and its appendages—Madam, when I tell you that I am in a state of mental distraction, occasioned by the peculiar excellences of your eldest daughter, I hope you will pardon this presumption. Happy should I be if my birth and circumstances could entitle me, legally, and according to the sanctifications of prudence, to demand the illustrious object of my passion; but as we are not responsible for our coming into the world, whatever we may be for our actions after that entrance, you must not blame me for not being a branch of the first house in Christendom. To come to the point, I have seen the Princess Royal; and must assure you, that the brilliancy of her beauties in the assemblage surpasses even the honours of her situation. Though matrimony, in the present day, according to the ideas of Hudibras, is made a mere matter of money, I reject so mean an idea; my affections are riveted to the object of my desires, independent of the advantages that may be presumed to be attached to her caltation. It is true that my estates, at present, are somewhat encumbered. But what of that? The purity of my desires will operate as an antidote against the evils of poverty. I leave it to your own discretion to mention the affair to his majesty; if you approve of the measure, I can have no objection. There is an old saying, that marriages are made in heaven; so, if this takes place, your majesty knows that the whole affair must be placed to the account of the Omnipotent, and not to the frail desires of a weak individual. Should I humiliate myself by being with his torch of comendal splendour, I flatter myself that we may live a very happy couple. In expectation of your majesty's speedy answer, I remain, with the most perfect veneration, your much obliged, most dutiful, and devoted subject and servant, JOHN STONE.—August 14, 1787.—P.S. My dutiful and respectful compliments to his majesty and all the royal family. I hope soon to have the honour of approaching you in a less equivocal character."

Some years ago, an alderman of Cambridge issued the following advertisement:—"Whereas a multiplicity of damages are frequently occurred by damages of outrageous accidents by fire, we, whose names are underwritten, have thought proper that the necessity of an engine ought by us for the better preventing which, by the accidents of Almighty God, may unto us happen to make a rate to gather benevolence for better propagating such good instruments." The alderman was fond of writing, and showed off his epistolary powers on the most trifling occasions. A hare, which he sent as a present to a gentleman of Calus and Granville College, was accompanied by a note as follows:—"Sir, have sent you a small present, who humbly hoped may prove worthy acquaintance, which is a hare, who is your humble servant."

Anson, the celebrated circumnavigator, suffered much by gaining. The treasure of the Spanish galleons became the prize of some sharpers at Bath: on which occasion it was observed, "That Lord Anson had been round the world, and over the world, but never in the world."

On Palm Sunday, according to annual custom, the following singular service was observed at Broughton in Lindsay, in Lincolnshire. The deputy of the lord of the manor attended at the church, with a new cart-ship in his hand, which he cracked three times in the church porch, then passed with it on his shoulder up the nave into the chancel, and seated himself in the pew of the lord of the manor, where he remained until the officiating clergyman was about to read the second lesson. He then proceeded with his whip (to the lash of which he had, in the interim, affixed a purse, which should have contained thirty silver pennies, but being unable to procure them, a single half-crown piece was substituted), and kneeling down on a cushion before the reading desk, held the purse suspended over the curate's head during the time of his reading the lesson; after which he returned to the pew, and when divine service was over, went and left the whip and purse at the manor-house. The manor was held by this singular service.

Among the pageants at the coronation of Queen Mary, in 1553, was the following singular feat, described by Hollinshed:—"Then there was one Peter, a Dutchman, that stood on the weathercock of Paul's steeple (London), holding a streamer in his hand of five yards long, and waving thereof, stood sometimes on the one foot, and shook the other, and then knelt on his knees, to the great marvel of all people. He had made two scaffolds under him, one above the cross, having torches and streamers set on it, and another over the hall of the cross, likewise set with streamers and torches, which could not burne, the wind was so great. The said Peter had sixteen pounds thirteen shillings given him by the city for his costes and paines, and for all his stuff."

A wealthy person asked the philosopher Sall, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit? "It is," replied Sall, "because men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit."

A journeyman hatter, a companion of Dr Franklin, on commencing business for himself, was anxious to have a sign-board with a proper inscription. This he composed himself as follows:—"John Thomson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money." With the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendment. The first he showed it to thought the word "hatter" tautologous, because followed by the words "makes hats," which showed he was a hatter. It was, therefore, struck out. The next observed, the word "makes" might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out also. A third said, he thought the words "for ready money" were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit; every one who purchased expected to pay. These, too, were paried with, and the inscription then stood, "John Thomson sells hats."

"Sells hats!" says his next friend, "why, who expects you to give them away? What then is the use of the word?" It was struck out, and "hats" was all that remained attached to the name of John Thomson. Even this inscription, brief as it was, was reduced to "John Thomson," with the figure of a hat subjoined.

Footie being upon a visit at Lord Townshend's at Raynham, happened one morning to look into the pig-sty, and saw a silver spoon among the pigs' victuals; one of the hogs was then coming by, and perceiving Mr Footie, cried out, "Flague on the pigs, what a noise they make!" "Well they may," said Footie, "for they have but one silver spoon between them."

A testy old gentleman was incessantly pestered by his neighbours with inquiries after his health: at last, losing all patience with the most assiduous of these inquirers, "Tell your master," said he to the servant, "with my compliments, that I am pretty well this morning, and shall continue so for twenty-one mornings to come."

At the marriage of the Count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl of sixteen, named Lise Noisib, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who her lover was. "Oh," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city was to furnish every thing." This answer created much mirth, and a husband was soon found for her.

Hogarth dedicated his picture of the "March to Finchley" to George II. The following dialogue is said to have ensued on this occasion, between the sovereign and the noblemen in waiting:—"Pray who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "I hate painting and poetry too; neither one nor the other ever did any good!" "The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What! a burlesque burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his madness! Take his trumpet out of my right!" (Ireland, Hogarth illustrated.)

The celebrated hoax of the Bottle Conjurer, by which the most refined persons of the interior parts of London were tempted to betray a credulity unworthy of the humbleness of the multitude, is thus commemorated in Thornton's Survey of London and Westminster:—"About the middle of January 1749, the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers: 'At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 16th instant, to be seen a person who performs the following most surprising feats, viz. First, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection: Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those on the stage, or in the boxes, may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are. Stage 7s. 6d.; pit 3s.; gallery 2s. To begin at half an hour after six o'clock. Tickets to be had at the theatre. The performance continues about two hours and a half.—N.B. If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performances (either singly or in company, in or out of masks), are desirous of seeing the representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex (upon making a gratuity to the performer), shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive. Likewise (if desired) he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your past life, and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive. For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided. These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once; he will wait on any persons at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time. There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum.—In burlesque to this manifest imposition on the credulity of the public, the next day produced the following advertisement: 'Lately arrived from Italy, Signor Capitello Jumps, a surprising dwarf, no taller than a common tobacco-pipe, who can perform many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope; likewise, he'll transform his body into above ten thousand different shapes and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat. He being the most wonderful wonder of wonders that ever the world wondered at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprising musician on Monday next in the Haymarket. He is to be spoken with at the Black Raven, in Golden-lane, every day from seven to twelve, and from twelve all day long.—Although it might be supposed morally impossible that mankind could be so egregiously imposed on, yet the scheme took, and on the evening of exhibition, the house was crowded with nobility and gentry of both sexes. About seven o'clock the house was lighted, and the audience sat a considerable time without even the amusement of a single fiddle. Their patience being at length exhausted, a chorus of catcalls ensued, heightened by loud vociferations and beating of sticks; when a man came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time some person in the pit called out ladies and gentlemen would give him double prices, the conjurer would get into a pint bottle.' Soon after this, a young gentleman, in one of the boxes, took a lighted candle and threw it on the stage, which alarming the greater part of the audience, they made the best of their way out of the theatre, some losing their cloaks and hats, and others their wig and swords. A party, however, staid in the house to demolish the inside, when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke the scenes, pulled down the boxes, and entirely demolished the theatre."

"Lately," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "in passing through Houston-street, we noticed a well-known black, sunning himself by the side of a fence. Knowing his usual industrious habits, we ventured to ask Scip why he was 'holding on' there. 'Oh, Boss,' said he, 'I've struck!' 'Struck—for what?' 'More wages—can't black boots for sixpence—Massa Rutta he at more for brush—Massa Gosselum raise he price five centum a dozen for box o' blackum—massa have a shillum!' 'Oh, but, Scip, I am an old customer, you won't raise on me. I'll send my boots with a sixpence, and do you mind, make them shine like a dollar.' 'Yes, Boss, I'll brush 'em stimpence worth.' Not doubting but they would be returned in decent order, we were not a little surprised to find them in the hall next morning, one of them shining like a mirror, and the other covered with mud, with a note stating that he intended to assist the chimney-sweepers in their turn-out."

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